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drunkard of the village," writes Mr. Graham, "picks himself out of the mire one afternoon, renounces drinking, and starts off for Jerusalem. The avaricious old mouzhik, who has been hoarding for half a century, awakens up one morning, gives all his money to some one, and sets off begging his way to a far-off shrine. The reserved and silent peasant, who has hidden his thoughts from those who loved him all his days, meets an utter stranger one afternoon, and with tears tells the story of his life, and reveals to him the secret of his heart; he also, perchance, starts on a pilgrimage." That is one phase of the matter. If we seek for further enlightenment, we may read the words of Khitrof, "the eternal pilgrim," and learn how the pilgrim-impulse has its origin in a "sweet feeling of the heart," which the peasant experiences first perhaps in his village church; how, as the feeling becomes dulled by contact with the ordinary things of life, he goes to renew it at monasteries and distant shrines, until, wandering farther and farther afield, he goes at last to Jerusalem itself. Says Khitrof: "I have seen many people who have not been to the Holy Land, but I have never seen one who has been once who did not wish to go again." But when we have done our best to understand the psychology of the thing, something is still lacking. We must be mystics, fully to enter into the spirit of the pilgrimage, and even that is not enough: we must have human sympathy. Mr. Graham knows how to make us feel with the humble people he describes, and there is no denying that contact with these simple and faithful souls is somehow steadying and uplifting. We respond, also, to the symbolism of the whole affair. Through it all, despite sordid surroundings, runs a sense of the majestic and the beautiful.

Yet the author is far from losing himself in vague reveries; few writers show a firmer grasp of reality than he. In the picture he paints, every space not required by the main figures is filled with significant detail or comely decoration. Scraps of conversation, odd incidents, facial expressions, costumes, habits, phases of character, all are made vivid and actual. Picturesquely he visualizes the larger scenes of the journey: the storm at sea, the march to the Jordan, the bathing in the sacred river, the Easter ceremonies at Jerusalem, the kindling of the sacred fire—always doing equal justice to the intensity of the inner and that of the outer life.

MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMO. By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1913.

There are narratives of exploration which equal this of Stefánsson's in the excitement of adventure, and in scientific interest as well—though seldom does an ethnological discovery so stir the imagination as that of the "blond Eskimo" who dwell on Victoria Island—but there is hardly another book of any sort which brings the reader into such close and sympathetic contact with the primitive mind—with the civilization of the stone age. Stefánsson lived the life of the Eskimo more fully than has any other explorer; in their intercourse with him they were not at all subject to the restraint that leads them to conceal their real thought from the missionary whose disapproval they fear, or from the trader whose ridicule they shun. Consequently, when he writes of their character, their minds, religious beliefs, habits, or folklore, he does so with an obvious insight that evokes interest and belief.

The impression of Eskimo human nature which became fixed in the mind

of the explorer was that "they are the equals of the best of our own race in good-breeding, kindness, and the substantial virtues. They are men and women of the Stone Age, truly, but they differ little from you or me, or from the men and women who are our friends and families. They are not at all what a theorist might have supposed the people of the Stone Age to be, but the people of the Stone Age probably were what these their present representatives are: men with standards of honor, men with friends and families, men in love with their wives, gentle to their children, and considerate of the feelings and welfare of others." The fact that the most ancient human remains resemble, in proportion of skeleton and form of skull, the frames of modern men, confirms in a measure this interesting and philosophically significant opinion. But intellectually the Eskimo differs from the European in just those unexpected ways which the unaided theorist can never grasp. In his discussion of what he justly calls Eskimoized Christianity, the author strikingly illustrates the enormous but too often unsuspected difference that may lie between what words mean to the one who utters them and the form they may assume in the mind of the untutored hearer. The native Eskimo religion consists in a belief in spirits, with which is associated an elaborate system of taboos, covering nearly every act of a man's life. In the Eskimo tongue the word for "wise man" really signifies one who knows a large number of taboos. The point of view which this implies is irremovable. Thus, a thoughtful Eskimo told Stefánsson that some of his friends were in the habit of maintaining that the white men are less intelligent than the Eskimo, but for these he had a crushing rejoinder; he pointed out that while the Eskimo knew many taboos, it had never, before the coming of the white man, occurred to any of them that a *day* might be a taboo. The conception of Sunday thus proved the white man's superiority. The Eskimo, too, are of the opinion that the white man's prayers, though efficacious, are, like his rifles and other goods, subject to deterioration—a belief that may seem less naïve when we remember that the ancient Greeks in their discussion of immortality were inclined to question not so much the existence of the soul as the possibility of its wearing out. On one occasion Stefánsson noticed that certain Eskimo who had recently listened to a sermon enforcing the commandment not to tread in the footsteps of the wicked, carefully avoided following directly in his trail. Illustrations of the sort might be multiplied. Of prime importance to the student of early religious thought is the account of the Eskimo doctrine of guardian spirits whereby the spirit of some one recently deceased is supposed, after due invocation, to inhabit the body of a child and to remain in charge of it until the child's own soul has arrived at maturity. Thus Eskimo children are never forbidden anything—not, as has been supposed, because they are peculiarly well behaved, nor because their parents are peculiarly fond of them—but for fear of offending the guardian spirit. Next, perhaps, to religion, in a study of the primitive mind, stands language, and the concise account that Stefánsson gives us of the Eskimo tongue, with its novel structure, its complex accident, and its surprising power of expression, is enough at least to rouse the average reader from the sloth of preconceived opinion. But the book is full of psychologic and human interest, and of clear-cut observation of many different kinds. On minor matters it is as illuminating as upon greater ones. We learn, for example, that the Eskimo's endurance is not really as great as the white man's; that neither the Indian nor the Eskimo carries "a compass in his

head," but that each is more liable to lose his way in a strange country than the experienced Caucasian explorer; that dogs have really no scruple against cannibalism, but simply object, like humans, to a change of diet; and many other definite truths that seem to lift from the mind a proportionate weight of tiresome commonplace.

As to the "blond Eskimo" the unlearned reader, at least, will find it difficult, after looking at their photographs and reading the text concerning them, not to believe that these people are of European descent. As to their precise origin, the author, after a review of the available historical evidence, concludes that "if the reason that the Victoria Island Eskimo are European-like is that they are of European blood, then the Scandinavian colony in Greenland furnishes not only an explanation, but the only explanation."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE BORDER. By ANDREW LANG AND JOHN LANG. London: Macmillan & Company, Limited, 1913.

To be able to write upon almost any subject entertainingly, in an invigorating spirit, and with a smile betimes, is a gift which was possessed in the highest degree by the late Andrew Lang. Naturally, in the volume under notice this gift would be exerted with more than usual power; for the subject-matter is of the sort that was especially dear to the writer's heart, and in itself that subject-matter is rich and varied. To write dully about the Scottish Border, its scenes and its legends, is something that few have accomplished. Of the *Highways and Byways* it is not easy to determine exactly how much is actually the work of Andrew Lang—only a small part, we are told in the preface—but there is no discernible division in the style or spirit of the book. In the later as well as in the earlier chapters, it has that admirable conversational quality which makes the reader unconscious of the difficulties involved in dealing with a multitude of details. At every point our interest is secured before we are aware, as we are guided through Scottish scenes, instructed in the incidents of Border history, or touched by the echoes of Border minstrelsy. In the earlier pages especially, one seems to see the effect of Andrew Lang's love of supernatural lore; ghost-stories, tales of warlocks and witches, are told with zest and detail. Here and throughout the book the writer seems to disdain nothing that may be of warm and living interest, from trout-fishing to the sack of a town. It makes no difference whether the subject be a bloody Border legend, a page from Froissart, or a necessary summary of historic facts, it is set forth with adequate clearness and a just appreciation of its value; nor is the general effect that of a hodge-podge. In the work there is much more method and skill than appears on the surface. What is grim and grisly in the old stories is handled with truth and tact; we get the effect of romance without any false glamour. There are flashes of wit enough to keep interest alight, and there is much of that human appreciation of character which often finds its best opportunity in dealing with the obscurer sort of historic or legendary personages. We have a kindly defense of Queen Mary in one passage, and in another an account of "Auld Ringan Oliver" that lives longer in the memory. Something of the gift of the old balladists for depicting character through a simple report of deeds and words has crept into the book, and to this essential simplicity is joined the urbanity of a modern man of letters. Places are described with that affectionate en-